

Y! WAR CRY



GENERAL

OME!

VOL. X. NO. 52. [William Booth, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, SEPT. 29, 1894.

EDWARD H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

VICTORIA'S HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Between \$400 and \$500 so Far, with More to Come in Still.

During the last fortnight, our officers and soldiers have been busy canvassing for cash and kind of all sorts and sizes towards our Festival.

On Friday, some of the soldiers fixed up the back of the platform to receive the many gifts that will, pray and begging should bring

Indian comrades from Fort Simpson took part, we marched back to the barns and had a lively time. The people stretched their necks and stared when our Indian comrades spoke and sang of God's power to save and keep the Indian as well as the white man. They sing our songs, words and tunes with as much Army go and spirit as if they had been Salvationists for years. They will be a great help to the officer appointed for the Indian work when he goes north. I believe there are a lot of blood-washed Indians anxiously awaiting his

On Monday gifts still came pouring in, even up to the time of meeting, so that we had to have a large table in front of the platform to hold them.

To describe the contents of the platform and table would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer. All classes of the community gave of their wares and cash to help us. One gentleman gave a gold-headed cane, another a fine Irish settee; our Japanese friends, fancy goods; John Chinaman, tea, etc. Some of the farmers promised a calf and pig, but they did not arrive in time, still they will come later on. Chickens were also among the stock.

As we sat for our march, faith and expectation ran high as to the final result. But the march—oh, my!—it must be seen to be realized. There were the gleaners in their white straw hats with their sheaves, the hand lads with the Adjutant (who is also a hand-lad), with working clothes, straw hats trimmed with corn, just as they come from the harvest field. As we paraded the streets, the people ran to see what was coming next. The Salvation

for the opening song. After a few earnest prayers for souls, and God's blessing on the meeting, the gleaners sang out of the

W.A.C.

"Bringing in the sheaves,"

led by Captain Green, who has come to assist the Ensign in the Rescue Home. After a few testimonies and another earnest appeal, the Adjutant closed about nine p.m. The excitement rose to fever pitch as Band-Sergeant Keefe, the corps amateur took his stand and commenced to dispose of the gifts of fruit and vegetables. Ireland was well represented by about a dozen bags of potatoes; most of them went to the Rescue Home store, with fruit and vegetables, and other unnumbered blessings, which will rejoice the inmates of Rescue Home, both small and great. God bless the lads who come to our meetings, who not only give well, but bought well and gave again. We are still praying that they will give themselves to help on God's work. While the sale of goods was going on, the coffee and cake stalls, presided



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You must know that our dear Adjutant is a great believer in that motto of Holy Writ, "Ask and ye shall receive," also in that song we used years ago, "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again."

The people of Victoria can bear testimony that the Salvation Army soldiers have not backward in following the example of their leader. Be-

cause the night the platform was

arrived. After Adjutant had explained the object of the meeting, and urged everyone to help all they could, we had a lively time. God was in our midst, but no one would yield to Him.

On Sunday, God was with us all day, and abundantly blessed us in our souls.

In the afternoon the Adjutant enrolled six comrades, three being the Indians from Fort Simpson.

At night we had a good crowd, who gave liberally to the collection inside, notwithstanding the collection at the door. You know this was a special effort.

Army is gone and "sure enough," as the Cornishman says. As we marched up Yates Street towards our usual open air stand, the people literally blocked the street, thinking we were going to stop there, but we were in for something unusual that night and marched on, and they followed with open mouths. It was a kind of go-as-you-please march; of course, farmers could not be expected to march straight—the band lads were like strings all over the shop.

The crowd followed us into the barns, which was crammed. The band played,

over by Sisters Mortimer and Offy, did a thriving trade.

Now, dear War Cry, I dare say you are anxious to hear whether Victoria, B.C., has lost her usual position in the annual race. "Keep believing." We have so far between \$400 and \$500, with more to come in. The Adjutant will send the final result.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow." Notwithstanding hard times, little or no work, Victoria means to go ahead, and never say die.

FRANCIS MASON, 1894.



BLUE.—The Army's emblem of purity.

BLUES.—Very significant of impurity—melancholy, low spirits.

BOLDNESS.—Like anger, there is a good and bad boldness. Paul says, "Great is my boldness of speech toward you" (II. Cor. vii). Freedom from timidity, liberty.—WEBSTER.

BONDAGE.—Slavery. "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (St. John viii. 36). I doubt the Christianity of a man who is a slave to a natural appetite, much more an unnatural.

BORN.—Again, regenerated; received spiritual life, adopted into the family, Divine.

BOTTOMLESS.—The foundation of sinners hopes, the dimension downward of their future abode.

BREASTPLATE.—Armor for the protection of the breast. Righteousness is the Christian's breastplate; neglect it, and you will not live long.

BRETHREN.—All the rest of the world. It is true there are two fathers mentioned in the Bible, and some would have it that only the converted are their brothers; but Peter once asked the Saviour, "How oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him?" A brother and yet a sinner. The prodigal son after all was still a son and brother, but alienated and without right of inheritance. If you heat up these passages you will find your duty to brethren: Psalms cxliii, Matthew v. 22, I. Corinthians vi. 8, Galatians vi. 1, I. John ii. 9; iii. 17.

BRIDE—of Christ, the church, or Salvation Army (for church is only another name), Revelations xxi. 2. Are we fit to receive him as a coming bridegroom. How is our love? Is it pure? How are our garments? Are they unspotted from sin, washed in the blood He gave so

freely for our cleansing? What would He find if He came just now?

CALLED.—Invited, summoned, addressed, appointed.—WEBSTER.

Pure love to Christ calls us to do all we can for His Kingdom. Love for our fellow-men calls us to labor and seek for the position that will make us the greatest blessing. The Word of God calls out, "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Common sense must be listened to, also the opinion of those fit to give one as to position. Are you called to be an officer? What constitutes your call? What motive? All things being well, step out, leave all, take hold of the salvation plow, never look back. Burn the bridges behind you.

CANTANKEROUS.—Rusty, like a bear with a sore paw, or a spoilt child. Awful is a forty-year-old, worn in a fifty. Salvation a curse all.

CARNAL.—Opposed to spiritual, fleshly, being in the natural state, unregenerate.—WEBSTER.

CHARITY.—Love, the greatest thing in the world. Knowledge is power, but without love it is a dead letter. Talents gain applause, but without charity they lose their charm. You cannot be great, you say? Yes, you can, for you can love, cultivate it. But first, you must get it from God by just asking. He gives freely of His Spirit, and the fruit of the Spirit is love (Gal. v. 22).

CHILDREN.—The gift of God. Like many other gifts, though perverted. Parents! Oh, that I had a voice like thunders to cry out, parents! Are your CHILDREN going to hell, and you not putting forth any effort to save them, either by example or precept? Surely judgment.

CHILDREN.—Obey your parents in the Lord (Col. iii. 20).

I'LL FOLLOW THEE.

Two—Our Jack's Come Home To-day.

I gazed upon the picture as it hung upon the wall. And as I looked I thought I heard my loving Master call: "Go forth." He said, "there's work to do, no time to idle." And I replied, "O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee."

O Lord, I'll follow Thee, Where's the path may be?

Although the fight be hard and long,

Yes, Lord, I'll follow Thee.

I saw what the vision, in the picture hung there, the of , who for the dying world did it for me. I said, "I'll be a soldier—that my life like His must be." And then I cried, "O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee."

He took his cross before him, and it gave him joy and cheer. That he had been a warrior in the fight hee here.

Now my part like his to view when I stand at death's door. I say, "O Lord, where Thou dost lead I'll follow Thee."

He intended to notice not the angel with the sword and spear. The path of salvation seeking to God was now the chosen chosen.

CEYLON.

Written for the Canadian Cry by Dew Singh.

(Continued.)

Like the Chinese, Hindoos are born Conservatives. Age after age, generation after generation have come and gone, "but they go on forever," with the same customs and habits. Change or reformation are unknown words to them. Oh, if a ray of Gospel light could only penetrate the dark mind and heart of that swarthy old woman, how her hidden face would shine, the swowl would vanish.

Would salvation not improve the appearance of that young mother, creating a new desire for those children of hers, to see them grow up in the knowledge of God and His ways. Would those little boys not look handsome if washed, dressed, saved, and filled with the joy of the Lord?

My Old Canadian Guernsey

would just fit that poor fellow with the hawking cough; how it would set him off.

"Boy, bring the light here." Boy placed the light right in front of me, shrinking out my view of the poor coolie, or they might have all been salvationized in faith, but I went indoors thanking God that thousands of those same people—Pariah—are in reality saved, clothed, and in their right minds.

hid in a little valley bordering on the jungle are the "coolie lines," or houses. I asked somebody why they were called lines, and was told, "because they are built in lines."

In vain I have looked for two "lines" running parallel, but I have comforted myself with the thought that they started out with the intention of building them at equal distances from each other, but

"The best hill schemes" mice an' mangy aft agen," and the "lines" on this estate have got very much "agin," like the houses in a certain

Town in Scotland,

where the gable-ends face the streets, each house forming a little side street for itself. So the "line" houses have a decided inclination to show their gables. Also, that is the only way in which they resemble the Scotch houses, being more of a cross between an Irish turf hut and an out-west "shack" about two parts turf hut and one part "shack."

Running through the "line" is what, for want of a better name, I call the sewer, nine by eighteen inches, with six inches of muddy water at the bottom. All the fifth, slugs, mugs of food, etc., are thrown into it; the dogs have an occasional bath in it; now and then the hobbles roll in, but no

Dread of Maternal Anger

at their dirty dresses or pinholes over crosses their plodid little minds. Their dresses are very simple and easily cleaned—bracelets and necklace, and, if a swell baby, ankles and rings on its toes.

While the parents are at work in the fields they all play between the "lines" in their own sober fashion, and at the approach of a stranger, which is generally heralded by the dogs barking, they all fly like city Arabs before a school board officer. The older children generally halt at

the doorway, where they survey the intruder, and if he is known they place their hands together, make a half curtsey, and say in a shy, soft way, "Salam Sahib." Between the coolie baby and his white relative in the slums of London or Glasgow there is a long distance geographically, but they have very much in common. In their own little hearts they feel

The Burden of Life

long, long before it has touched their more favored brethren, and little wonder if they take their revenge in after life by turning Parasites as well as Pariahs.

Indoors, the parsons, children, dogs, hens, and other creeping things (for in the east life abounds, but amongst the coolies it doth very much more abode) have a happy life of bob-nobbling together. No window lets in its friendly light to dispel the gloom, but after one's eyes have become accustomed to the gloom it is seen that the sand walls are neither painted nor whitewashed. In one corner a few black, charred pieces of wood between two large stones shows the fire-place. There is no chimney. The smoke, after filling the room, finds its way through the rafters, and finally

Filters Through the Ventilator

and other holes in the room till it escapes, to hang like a cloud over the "lines." In another corner the "chaffies" (cooking vessels) are kept. Across the room is stretched the ubiquitous clothes line, on which are hung their few odd rags, while the floor is kept clean by the cow-dung process. How it is done I can't tell, but across the room is a Cockney-Singhalese adjutant, who has been seven years here, perhaps he'll know. "Adjutant, did you ever see the coolies cow-dunging their floors?" Did I ever see them? Why, man, I have done it myself scores of times. Just last Saturday I did this floor; next Saturday, if you're here you'll help me; you can do the one half while I do the other; it's the healthiest and—
"Thanka, that will do, but it's a long time to next Saturday."

Behind the houses a little piece of ground is fenced off, where a few scaly-looking plantain trees are grown, and judging by them and their appearance, gardening is not one of their strong points.

(To be continued.)

Galt.—At the request of an old comrade, Captain Bramigan, I went to Galt for the Harvest Festival Saturday and Sunday.

Saturday night's open-air was "a corker" for good crowd and attention.

The meetings on Sunday were well attended considering the heat, and this was the first Sunday afternoon meeting held in the harness this season till now, as they have been held in the park. The hall was nicely decorated, and gifts were plentiful. The band plays well, and a more gaudy, willing lot of lads I never met. One of the number was about to bald, and wishing to economize, his band comrades met and had a digging bee, and dug the cellar in two or three evenings, Sergeant-Major Bandman Beacraft turning the first sod. This is bearing one another's burdens. Saw some old faces—ex-Captain Poard, ex-Lieutenant Johnnie McMillan, Bandman Alec McQueens, of Montreal fame, and Joe Mitton. Special Correspondent Real, from Brantford, came over on his wheel. Ottie Shamrock, was down from Chatham, and did good service with his slide.—FROXEN.



CHOOSE YE!

In the Argentine Republic drums are summoned to sweep the streets for eight days.

which is doubtless more effective than solitary days in jail, especially if the sentence is carried into effect independent of the condemned's social position.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth

PREIDE AT

THE MARRIAGE OF MAJOR JOHN COMPLIN

(Editor of the "War Cry")

AND

CAPTAIN TYAS

(Late of Australia).

"ME JOIN 'EM!"

"FRIENDS," said the Brigadier, "it seems to me, we are making a great mistake!" Curiosity caused a sudden cessation in the midst of the merry clatter and babel of tongues. "I see everybody is sitting on one chair. Tonight two people must sit on each chair, so please close in."

This announcement, delivered with solemn emphasis, before the commencement of the ceremony, upset all semblance of gravity, and the hilarious crowd shoved in as close and square as it was possible for them to pack. Nevertheless, a throng of new-comers came still streaming in at the open doors, and edging up the narrow aisle.

"Kindly hand in some more chairs."

Those who were privileged to take a seat on the floor or the edge of the platform were very thankful they had not to turn away and go home again. All the S. A. world and his wife were present—from the Great Panjandrum to the little Buttons-on-top.

After the Jubilee Hall was as full as it would hold a number more crowded in.

It was

As Irresistible Merry Meeting.

Everybody wore radiant smiles, except the two little Streetsons, who were lost in admiration over the white-bloused boys of the Naval Brigade.

Then the musical instruments began to tune up, at least they appeared to be making ineffectual attempts to strike a keynote somewhere between a loud shriek and a low groan.

A sudden pause, sensation, excitement.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth, the bride and bridegroom.

When the audience had quit wildly waving their handkerchiefs everybody turned and whispered some personal remark at the top of his voice above the din to his next door neighbor about the bride or the bridegroom, the former appearing much the most self-possessed, as she stood fair and quiet.

Then the music continued. The piano and the cornet appeared to be let loose in a frantic frolic, defying one another in mad little runs and grilles, or twists and turns, whilst the big drum went rolling and rollicking over and over till one would almost think our sober old stand-by had also taken leave of his seventy-seven senses, like the rest of the mad world.

The Commandant assayed to give out a hymn, then hesitated, thought better of it, and suggested that everybody should first take a good, square look at the Major and be done with it, himself setting the example, and making

A Pointed, Personal Remark

or two about the bridegroom, who certainly looked a trifle nervous and excited.

After this the meeting sobered up a bit and took a quiet turn, whilst we sang with hearty thankfulness and confidence the chorus,

"I have an interest in the bleeding Lamb."

Then the Commandant reminded the audience that although sins of years might have fixed a great gulf, nevertheless across that gulf Divine grace had built a bridge of love by which the vilest may enter heaven.

ceiling. The audience within settled down to listen, tried to tilt back their chairs, but found they couldn't for want of room. The congregation without

Pressed Their Noses

a little closer to the wire grating of the windows, and remained stationary for about an hour.

The Commandant proceeded to read, after a neat and concise little speech to effect that he esteemed it an honor to be present to perform this happy ceremony between two such faithful, devoted officers as Major Complin and Captain Tyas. The Commandant continued to explain how he had expected by that time to have been somewhere between the heavens and the fishes on the way to meet our revered, respected, and beloved General (volleys), but for the inauspicious alteration in the sailing of the boats, by which he missed connection. However, it was best to look at the bright side of a bad job, for this misfortune had been overruled for our advantage. The Commandant mentioned the welcome fact that a cable had been received that very day announcing the departure of the General and party for Canada. (Renewed and prolonged volleys.)

Returning to the business of the evening, he commented once more upon the expression of the Major, who still looked a little pale and agitated. The speaker did not see what the Major had to look nervous about. He recalled the day when, under similar circumstances, he (the Commandant) walked on to the platform feeling it to be the very best day's

work he had ever accomplished, and strode away from the Congress Hall as large as life and twice as natural.

The Commandant remembered the early days when he first was acquainted with John Complin. In those times he was a nice, ruddy, fine-looking young man, and to-day he remains

As Devoted to the Cause,

and as enthusiastic as when he started.

A droll allusion to Major Complin's especial song, "Me join 'em," seemed to fit in with such apt appropriateness, that the service, which the leader had succeeded in smoothing down into order, was again in danger of getting all out of kilter, and becoming a runaway meeting.

Peace was restored, however, and the Commandant in an expressive, original, and forcible running commentary on the chapter, drifted into a brief philosophical investigation as to why the genial man should always appear to delight in landing it over the weaker sex. (Steady now, this is a serious matter.)

He enlarged on the power for good, and the influence that a wife holds over her husband—the force of a chaste example.

The Commandant commended the bride to the love and friendship of Canadians. Although she comes as a stranger amongst us, she brings with her from Australia a warm introduction from Commissioner Coombes, and the force of an earnest, godly character.

At last, to the unsigned delight of everybody, Mrs. Booth arose to sing,



The Salvation Army anvil has proved itself able to break into pieces the many hammers that the devil uses upon it. Pride, envy, slander, hate, spite, disloyalty, misrepresentation, so often cast upon our dear General, have worn them out in their endeavor to smash the Army. As the devil keeps a good supply of hammers we do not know which one he will strike with next, but our God is sure to conquer.

We are looking forward to the advent of our General in British Columbia. We will give our heads a tremendous reception—AVANTUR ARCHIBALD.

prefacing the music with a quiet and practical remarks on

Responsibility of Marriage and the duty of a husband to another, and towards the general.

It was very touching and right. Surely nobody present failed to feel the beauty and necessary spirit of wisdom that "S. M. KINGDOM."

The last plaintive notes died away, and Major Complin, Captain Tyas stood forward. Every ear was strained to catch the word of the articles of

Quiet still grew the audience.

"Will you?"

Commandant.

"I will," faltered the bride.

"I will," affirmed the bride.

dead was done.

How the Major was called

and how everybody la

shouted, cheered and smiled.

and shook hands with Mrs.

there is not space to tell.

(From *The Temple*, 14)

The Truth About L

This week's War Cry publication is a comprehensive and effective full-page illustration of the hellish work of the Devil's anvil and the difficulties in breaking the drunkard. "The anvil" is ascending; and on high it is to be seen the God Midway the Army is letting down to the poor drunkards who are falling, my goodness, into hell.

Devil is to be seen a gentle soul, holding in his arms a woman filled with arrows; a well-meaning soul in the act of "heating a 'Ho" at the poor inmates whom the "Master" saved.

Devil's business, his "Satanic master," arrows are doing effectively as to make us realize the truth.

The devil is evidently working in the service of every Christian, but the awful work being done.

Accompanied by the following incident, written by Rev. A. Salvation soldier.

Our contemporary, Mr. Whately, accompanying the



OPENING OF THE NEW ORILLIA BARRACKS.

joining the music with a few puns and practical remarks on the

Responsibility of Married Life.

and the duty of a husband and wife to each other, and towards the world in general.

It was very touching and heart-stirring. Surely nobody present could but feel the beauty and necessity for the spirit of wisdom that "SEKS FIRST THE KINGDOM."

The last plaintive notes of the song died away, and Major Complin with Captain Tyre stood forward, whilst every ear was strained to catch each solemn word of the articles of War.

Quieter still grew the assembly.

"Will you?" questioned the Commandant.

"I will," faltered the bridegroom.

"I will," affirmed the bride, and the deed was done.

How the Major was called on for a solo, and how everybody laughed and shouted, cheered and smiled at them, and shook hands with Mrs. Complin, there is not space to tell.

Orillia Barracks Erected Under Plans of a Unique Order.

NEAT, CONCISE, AND CHEAP. A DISTINCT HIT.

Re-Opened by Brigadier de Barritt.

JUBILEE SCHEME No. 17.

The handsome building recently erected on Collier Street by the Salvation Army, was formally opened to the public on Saturday evening, at eight o'clock, the colors were hoisted on the flag pole which surmounts the structure, and a few minutes later a special service was being conducted inside by Brigadier de Barritt.

There was a good attendance at this meeting, and at the Sunday service,

which were conducted by the Brigadier, assisted by Miss Ensign Phillips, Ensign Morris and the singing troupe, with auto-harp accompaniment.

The building is on the site of the barracks recently destroyed by fire, and is a pretty red brick structure, forty by sixty feet. The front elevation is about forty feet, and is veneered with colored red brick, surmounted by a bell-tower, which gives it a picturesque appearance. The entrances are at either corner, and are through wide, roomy doorways, with lob-bies inside, steps leading up to the doors from the street. The auditorium is the full size of the building, but is not square, the corners being taken off the building, giving it a compact appearance. It is seated after the fashion of an amphitheatre, the seats rising in tiers from the platform to the front of the building. A gallery for the soldiers is behind the speakers, their entrance being through the basement. The seating capacity is 400, but on Sunday 450 were present at the evening service, and many more were turned away. Fourteen windows give the hall a very cheerful appearance, the front transom being of colored leaded glass. The front portion of the basement will be fitted up for a Juniors' room, and in the centre will be a furnace to heat the entire building. In the rear, under the platform, will be a cloak room for the soldiers. The upper story is designed for the officers' quarters, and contains of five large rooms, with pantry, washroom, etc. A large water reservoir large tank will also be put up so that the inmates will have every convenience.

The building is covered with a steel roof,

and the outside, therefore, is practically fireproof. It is proposed to light the building with the incandescent system as soon as the plant is installed in town. The whole building is a credit to the contractor, Mr. T. W. Oliver, who has completed the job in a substantial manner to the satisfaction of all parties, the entire edifice costing only about \$2,000.

The Monday evening meeting was the dedicatory service proper, and at eight o'clock the spacious auditorium was very well filled. About forty soldiers in their bright uniforms presented a good front, and on the platform were Brigadier de Barritt, Ensign Morris, Miss Ensign Phillips, the auto-harp band, six in number, Rev. W. R. Barker, pastor of the Methodist church, and Captain and Mrs. Heft.

After a song service, conducted by the Brigadier, Rev. Mr. Barker offered the dedicatory prayer, and Captain Heft read a list of the names of those who had contributed towards the building fund. The following figures are gleaned from the financial statement:

Special contributions received from friends in town, \$433.67. Of this amount \$195 was expended in stonework for foundation, and the balance, except \$27, which remains on hand, for architect's fees, travelling and other expenses. The contract price for the building was \$1,745, and a contribution of \$75 from the contractor, Mr. Oliver. The old building was insured for \$1,400, and thus a balance remains yet to be rated of about \$300.

The Brigadier made an earnest and somewhat humorous appeal for funds, and as a result an additional \$34 was given.

Rev. W. R. Barker gave a very pleasing address in the few minutes allotted to him, and his earnest words were well received.

Capt. Heft thanked the donors for their generosity, and complimented the Times and Packet for their good will toward the Army and kindness in inserting notices of meetings, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley, of Rama, took part in the program, the former singing a hymn in his native tongue.

One of the choicest things of the evening was a solo with banjo accompaniment, by Ensign Morris, that officer having a very sweet voice, and singing with a good deal of pathos.

The Orillia corps are to be congratulated on the erection of their new building, and great credit is due Capt. Heft for his energy and enterprise in the completion of such an undertaking. Capt. Heft is one of the most efficient officers the Orillia corps ever had, and a very large number of the converts will know that he is a man to be reckoned with.

(From the Montreal Witness, 17-9-94.) THE ASSAULT ON THE ARMY.

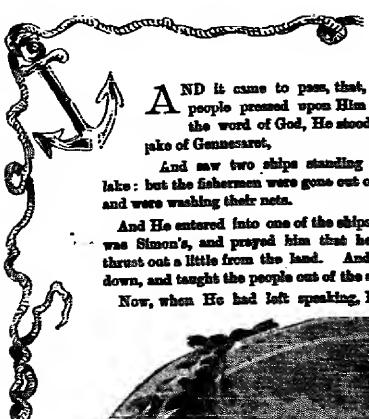
Women Worshippers Intercepted.

The disgraceful disturbance at the market in the morning was duplicated on Craig Street East in the evening. Services were being held in the hall there, managed by the French division of the Salvation Army. The services were being conducted by the women officers, Capt. Perron and Biens and Adjutant Kerr. The front windows of the hall were smashed by large stones, which were thrown far into the room. Many of the worshippers narrowly escaped serious injury. One man was struck in the head. A large stone flew striking the head of Capt. Perron, almost striking her. Some one went to obtain police protection. A constable on St. Lawrence Main Street was appealed to, and he said Craig Street was not in his beat. Policeman No. 36 arrived after the outrage had been committed and the perpetrators had fled. If the accounts of all the assaults upon religious meetings in Montreal of late were collected together, they would fill a large volume.



"Our Open-Airs Are Good."

Truth.—Changes have taken place here in Orillia. Captain Young and Lieut. Gilmore, who have had charge here since the first of May, have farewell and gone for a rest. They have been succeeded by Captain Emma Allen and Lieut. Welsh, who, by the help of God, are rushing things in the Harvest Field in full line. The meetings were good all the week; lots of the spirit and power of God was manifested.



AND it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon Him to hear the word of God, He stood by the lake of Gennesaret,

And saw two ships standing by the lake: but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets.

And He entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And He sat down, and taught the people out of the ship.

Now, when He had left speaking, He said

unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.

And Simon answering said unto Him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net.

And when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes: and their net brake.

And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the

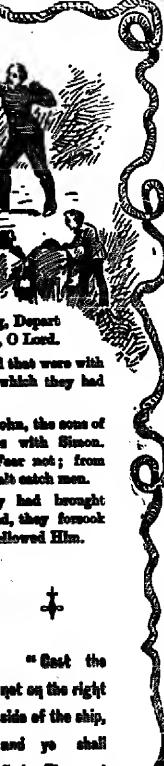
ships, so that they began to sink.

When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of fishes which they had taken;

and so was also James, and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men.

And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all, and followed Him.



"Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast therefore, and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes."

Candidates, Ahoy !

WHO WILL GO A-FISHING ?

My soul was melted down by an incident which happened on a certain western train on which I travelled. The more I have thought on it the more have I mourned, and knowing from practical experience the awful crying need of officers throughout the Dominion, the relation of this incident may prompt some strong, well-saved, young Salvationist to apply for a place in God's all-glorious ranks.

I had got comfortably settled in a seat and had removed my black coat, wearing a red one on the case. Stopping at a depot, the car door was flung open and in walked a poor drunk, though respectably clad.

Fixing his eyes on my red coat, and then looking into my face, he

Dropped Down on the Seat

and put his arms around my neck. Then he began and continued something after this strain: "Thought—the—was—a—mounted police, but—I struck a—Salvation—brother. —Seven—years—in—this—country,—nobody—ever—sailed—me—about—my—soul." Tears flowed freely from his poor, bleared eyes, and the tovy passengers wondered! Then he told of his poor mother in the Old Land, whom he left over seven years ago, and who thought he was dead. People had visited his little "shack," but had never spoken a word to him about spiritual matters. "Thee bist the only man who ever drawed tears to my eyes," he groaned out, and again leaned his head on my shoulder. "I left home two months ago to fish on the Fraser River, made a good bit of cash," (and drawing a few dollar bills out of his pocket) "this is all I got left." Again he cried. When I suggested the idea of

my

Writing to His Dear Old Mother

he brightened up and said,

"Tell her I'm alive, but a poor, mean, dirty sinner. Tell her what a wretch I am. I can't read or write, but you tell her now, sure." Then, with a fresh outburst of grief, he cried, "Well, why didn't somebody tell me about salvation before? Why didn't they tell me?" On promising that I would keep by his side and not leave him till he got off the train, he seemed contented, still keeping his arm on my shoulder.

"That wretched man, "Why didn't somebody tell me?" will not soon be forgotten. He spoke out the feelings of that great, dreadful, awful, sin-stricken, fallen army of drunkards, harlots, thieves, robbers and vagabonds, the world over, who moan and cry in agony of soul, "Who will show us any good?"

See You Drunkard! Drink has blasted his body. His soul is well-nigh lost. He staggers on to his doom. His wife has long ago been broken-hearted. His dear children are



dying through hunger. His home, once so cozy, has become worse than a pig-pen. Thus

The Devil Rules and Damns.

The haughty Pharisee passes him by. Proud professors pull their garments tighter around them with a "thank-God-I-am-not-as-that-man" spirit. Nobody seems to heed the drunkard's wail, and awful fact it is, very few care whether he gets to hell or not. Now, who is to "throw out the life line" to such an one. Methinks some healthy soldier, now hiding away in the ranks of the Salvation Army in some corps, will be responsible for this poor drunk soul if he gets to a drunkard's grave and **SHRILL!!**

See You Drunkard! In the dim twilight, under the shadow of the low-hanging sky and stars, he is making to swim and enter the narrow

to her abode is the she was as pure as a peacock's feathers. The her pure lips met when the last gasp into what a vortex has she fallen a blanched cheeks and at the blush of shame been included in which Jesus, the Lamb procure! But to some loving, gentle heart that poor harlot, to hope into the deepest her. Who is to be the very female soul to me in this one, a call to go and rescue will be her doom.

See You Lady! carriage drawn by True, she lives numerous servants but she is on the way all thought of splendour and worldly

Literally Barn She is a respectable eventually falls to speed to perdition. poor. Flourish the tree, but death comes and search for pleasure gave are they laid hundreds of such rich ladies who die with it opened a vast heart out more refined education. What people to go for to Listen, brother, think about this!

See You Business! his soul-life has lost things of the world. will is that he should as well as some in it give down the rags of my life. Bit by bit the wall. The deer of Family prayer cease wonder what has made my little "tricky" into the sugar goes made white. Dishes

Bankruptcy and often imprisons him, a heart-broken family, the poor soldiers of a prison division. Oh, for me in the breach and keep men good and business. Some of by hard experience, world and proclaim.

Then, to you who energy and push, and that where you can the greatest spirituals apply for Army work. Army wants people here.

In going from place to place, convened every day, best soldiers are among others, often call to the war and the main cause of soul-saving work in Not very clear and water of a pond intensely flowered, but can no outlet. With the water keeps trout. The land, footer is refreshed, wider side of the cut.

These ought to hope about and about and long the King. The cry of the lost, are ever ringing in their fingers in the head not the wool to any good?" Ah of disobedience, it is onward march of the to need, the true Abundant, which hamper hindrance lies in the healthy, strong, virile, robust, and courageous woods.

to her abode is the way of death. Once she was as pure as your sister, and she is your sister. There was once a day when her pure lips met those of her mother, when the last good-bye was said. Ah! into what a vortex of infamy and shame has she fallen since then! See her blanched cheeks and hollow eyes! Look at the blush of shame! Yet, has she not been included in the great redemption which Jesus, the savior, died to procure? But lo! the Master calls for some loving, gentle sister to weep with that poor harlot, to take her aside, to bring hope into the despairing soul; yes, to love her. Who is to do it? In all probability the very female soldier who sits listening to me is the one, and if she disobeys God's call to go and rescue her lost sister, swift will her doom.

SEE YOU, LADY! True, she rides in a carriage drawn by a pair of noble steeds. True, she lives in a mansion and has numerous servants at her beck and call; but she is on the way to hell. For years all thought of spiritual matters have, by guilty and worldly pleasure been

Literally Barred from Her Soul.

She is a respectable slave to sin, and must eventually die of sin's disease and be lost, if somebody fails to tell her of her onward road to perdition. Rich die as well as poor. Flourish they may like a green bay tree, but death comes in the midst of their mad search for pleasure, and low in the grave are they laid. Methinks there are hundreds of such rich lords, noblemen and ladies who die without God. Here, then, is opened a vast harvest field for some of our more refined soldiers who have had education. What a chance for such people to go for the souls of the wealthy. Listen, brother, sister, what do you think about this?

SEE YOU BUSINESS-MAN! Like a cancer his self-life has been eaten out by the things of the world. Forgetting that God's will is that he should be " fervent in spirit, as well as acute in business affairs." On he goes down the rapids and whirl of everyday life. Bit by bit Jesus is pushed to the wall. The dear old Bible gets discarded. Family prayer ceases. The dear children wonder what has come over father of late. By little "tricky" moves are soon made. Into the sugar goes the sand. Black is made white. Dishonesty creeps in.

Bankruptcy and Disgrace Follow,

and often imprisonment. With a ruined life, a heart-broken wife, and a starved family, the poor fellow moans in the solitude of a prison cell over his awful condition. Oh, for men and women to stand in the breach and cry out that God can keep men good and spiritual in any lawful business. Some of my hearers know this by hard experience. Then go out into the world and proclaim it.

Then, to you who have brain power, tact, energy and push, are you now in the position where you can use your influence to the greatest spiritual benefit? If not, then apply for Army work, for the Salvation Army wants people of brains as well as heart.

In going from place to place I am more convinced every day that some of our best soldiers are definitely bidding away among others, after having heard God's call to the war and seen the need. This is the main cause of the stagnation of the soul-saving work in some of our corps. Not very clear and good would be the water in a pond into which the water constantly flowed, but out of which there was no outlet. With a good inlet and outlet the water keeps beautifully clear and sweet. The land, too, by the side of the outlet is refreshed, as well as that lying on either side of the outlet.

These Ought-to-be-Candidates

lope about and around their corps. Loud and long the King of Glory calls them. The cry of the lost, their groans of despair are ever ringing in their ears, but stinging their fingers in their spiritual ears they heed not the woeful cry. "Who will show us any good?" Ah! this great infatuation of disbelief, it enrages and blinds the onward march of the great S. A. Money we need, 'tis true; financial difficulties abound, which hamper us; but the greatest hindrance lies in the fact that we ourselves are healthy, strong,勇敢, and resolute, yet constantly failing to do our duty.



MRS. ADJUTANT BRENGLE.

"I want to read to you about the Christian's umpire. In Colossians III, 15, we read in the ordinary version, 'Let the peace of God rule in your hearts.' The rendering of Rotherham's version is 'Let the peace of Christ be your umpire.'

Act as Umpire

in your heart.'

"You all know what an umpire is to a game. His duty is to settle all doubtful questions. When an umpire has spoken, people have to obey or get out of the game. In general, the people for whom he is to adjudicate choose their umpire. Ours is chosen for us. We have no option. Our umpire must be obeyed. Whatever is opposed to the peace of Christ in our hearts is ruled out for us—even so little a thing as to keep from eating meat, as Paul suggests. It is not for me to obey part of the rules of the game, and leave the other part.

"One of our umpire's first rules is, 'Seek those things which are above.' The man who

Bank with God

don't lose! I've heard plenty of people say, 'If I obey God in that matter, I shall lose everything. I must look after my bread and butter.'

"But I have never known a man who sought the things which are above but, in the long run, he got his bread and butter and other things thrown in.

"The second rule is, 'Set your affection on things above.'

"You say, 'Must I stand to my business—to my work?' Yes; but if the peace of Christ is really your umpire—that which decides all with you—it will draw your mind back to the things above, the moment tension is withdrawn.

Inordinate Affection.

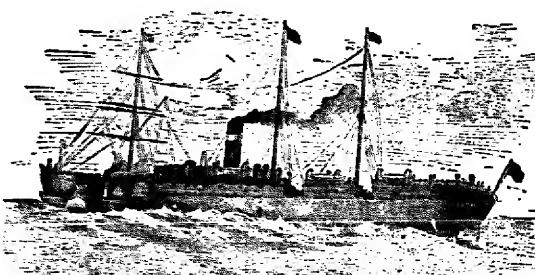
is against the umpire's rules—thinking too much of people, so that they get in the way of our duty to God. Covetousness is ruled out. Covetousness even for God's work can drive the peace of God from your heart. Covetousness among women turns, not so much toward money, as toward what money stands for—for money's worth—for appearance, "the glitter and show of this world."

"Wrath must be put away. Nothing will destroy peace quicker. And once the umpire is put out of the game, small use playing any longer.

"All impurity must be done away with. The pure in heart shall 'see God'—not, of necessity, in dreams and visions, but in all

The Circumstances of Life.

"Meekness and humble-mindedness are absolute essentials! 'I can't let anybody walk over me,' I often hear even Christians say. Well—the peace of God runs under people's feet. The river of His grace runs low in the valleys. Your umpire says, 'Put it on! You can't! Jesus will put it on for you!' How often I have heard, 'I can let God put me down, but not people. How can God put you down, except through people?'



The R.M.S. "CARTHAGINIAN," in which the General sailed for Canada.

gets set at any corps where these hang out on ready! For such the Judgment Day will be one of awful and just retribution. They stood on the Bank of Time's great stream; heard the suction of the drowning; before their very eyes they sank. They had the power to rescue and save them, yet watched thoughtlessly and carelessly they became over-incurious, and the blood of thousands will be required at their hands.

You have heard the voice of warning,
You have heard the wail of woe,
You have seen the awful reaping,
Of a soul that sinks below;
But, O, when of sinners are free,
How the world is won to save, oh, for
Like him who died work hard to save, oh, for
ward speed!

J. R.

Newmarket and Toronto Circle Corps.—
I have about and around their corps. Loud and long the King of Glory calls them. The cry of the lost, their groans of despair are ever ringing in their ears, but stinging their fingers in their spiritual ears they heed not the woeful cry. "Who will show us any good?" Ah! this great infatuation of disbelief, it enrages and blinds the onward march of the great S. A. Money we need, 'tis true; financial difficulties abound, which hamper us; but the greatest hindrance lies in the fact that we ourselves are healthy, strong,勇敢, and resolute, yet constantly failing to do our duty.

—John G. Cooksey, Toronto.

SOCIAL NOTES.

BY THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

We are in dust and ashes. "We remember our sin this day." "Social Notes" have been sadly neglected. What is our excuse? They are legion, for to the eyes of our readers, they may appear so petty, that their will be safety in numbers. A short holiday, subsequent rash of work, etc., etc. But we won't do it any more if you will only forgive us this once.

The summer has indeed been a trying one. The sun has unmercifully poured its burning rays upon our innocent heads, until the Lieutenant below and the Private Detective above have almost melted.

We are usually prepared for harrowing tales of want and destitution in the depth of winter, but summer is supposed to be the harvest time—a time of plenty, a season when poverty, except in a few special cases, is unknown. But alas! it has not been so this summer.

Oh, what bitter tales of want we have listened to! Men of ability—men, in many cases possessing a good education, driven almost to desperation, willing to work for the smallest pittance, and yet unable to obtain employment. Of course there are many cases of fraud and imposition, but it is, nevertheless, only too true that there are in this fair city of ours many hungry ones, many families going without even the bare necessities of life.

Let me give you one instance. One day last week when we reached the office, we found a middle aged woman awaiting our arrival. She was neatly dressed, and from the outward appearance, we could never have surmised her sad tale. After inviting her into our little office and offering her a seat, we commenced to try and find out her business. Doubtless, we thought, she has lost a friend and has come to ask us to insert a notice in our Missing Column, but so, this was not her mission. Her voice very nearly choked as she said, "We have had nothing to eat for two days. I have been sick, and my husband has been out of work. We never had to ask for help before, but hunger has driven me to it."

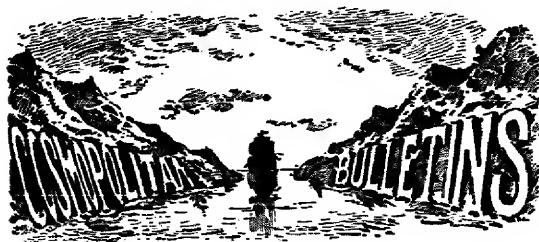
Could this story be true? We cannot find out. Also! our investigator returns with the sad message, "Only too true." They are respectable, quiet, worthy people, and yet for days they have been almost entirely without food. The rent has fallen behind-hand, and poverty in its worst form stares them in the face. Gladly would we help them, but financially we cannot relieve them of their terrible burden, and yet, strange to say, when in deepest trouble such people instinctively turn to the Salvation Army. You do not hear of such cases; we do. You have the means to help them; we have not. The moral is plain. Will you act accordingly? Donations of food, clothing, money, etc., will always be most graciously received at the Lifeboat, 261 Victoria Street.

Spiritually, our work is prospering, although, of course, there are difficulties and discouragements innumerable, but reinforcements have now appeared. We have welcomed to our midst Captain and Mrs. Dodd, late of the Social Farm. The Captain will henceforth devote himself to the Prison Gate Work, as well as to the general social work of the Lifeboat. Every morning finds him at the jail. Through the kindness of the officials he is allowed to see the prisoners before they are discharged. An offer of home and work is made, and if this is accepted the Captain escorts them to our Prison Gate Home.

From there he goes daily to the police court, where many receive from him words of cheer and advice, and where the same generous offer, a new start in life, is held out to those who are willing to accept it. And thus the work goes on. The seed which is sown in weakness is raised in power.

A week ago Sunday night, after a hard fight, we put the test: All those who are saved stand up. We were, indeed, surprised to see old J.—stand up. His face was very familiar. We had often watched our comrades eagerly pleading with him to give his heart to God, but when had he taken the step? It was, indeed, a pleasant surprise to find him amongst the saved ones. The meeting was closed, and eagerly we went over to speak to him. Yes, thank God, he had been saved some months ago, and although away working in the country, God had kept him true and given him the victory.

Were we to judge of our work by visible results we would oftentimes be sadly disappointed, but this case we believe firmly in the efficacy of our work. When we are successful, we are successful indeed.



The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

International Headquarters, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, England.—The Cope of the STAFF has been up to the hilt in most important business. We regret, however, that his strength has not been so sustained as we could have wished. We are praying that he may be fully restored, and that his invaluable services may be uninterrupted by any physical weakness.

A most pleasing and inspiring feature of the week has been the representative Indian scenes, under the direction of Commissioner Richani, which have been presented to the view of the London offices, in the Clapton Lecture Hall and at the Council Chamber, at International Headquarters. The former was held on Tuesday, and the latter on Saturday night, and will be reproduced to the soldiers and friends in the great Clapton Hall this evening. They have been delighting great crowds in the provinces, and have been the means of the salvation of many souls and the raising of £300 or £600 for the Foreign Work.

Items of intelligence from the various European battle-ground are of a very cheery, advance character. A South European Congress is about to be held in Neuchatel, the representatives at which will include officers from all the French Divisions, Belgium, the two Switzerlands, and Italy.

In Germany, Major Ranch recently conducted an enrolment of soldiers in connection with Berlin II. corps. The recruits included a father, two sons, and a grand-daughter belonging to one family. The mother is saved, and will shortly be added to the list.

The Meuse authorities have granted permission to our officers to resume evening meetings. For some time this right had been suspended. In Belgium, Brigadier Tait is opening the first Training House—a step of great importance—at Brussels, and will commence with seven non-coms.

Waterloo Station was the centre of interest to both Headquarters. The African Commissioner (late Colonel Rees), Mrs. Rees and their five children, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Swain, Captain Tim Lewis and Willie Carleton were to commence their

journeys from that point. Commissioner Carleton and members of his family, Colonels Hallberg and Lawley, Major Swift (of the W.C.W.), Major Sam Ross, Staff-Captains Lewis and Clarke, were among the Headquarters' representatives to our comrades God-speed, while a contingent of the Third Army manually honored their departure, being kindly permitted by the authorities to play upon the platform.

The DISTRESS IN SCOTLAND.—Coal was rationed; great distress; many families wanting bread. Thousands of breakfasts supplied to children.

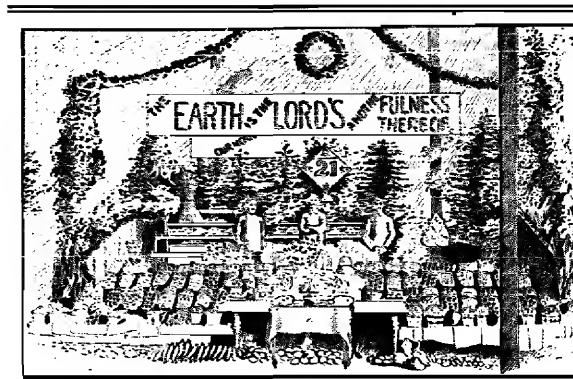
The question of settling at a ten per cent. reduction seems just possible to end in a treaty of peace; but, meantime, the tales of suffering and woe, of starvation and death, amongst the poor are appalling. In the Glasgow district especially the distress is intense than ever.

United States, III Reade Street.

After returning from the week-end at Glyndon, camp meeting, Mrs. Bellington Booth was taken very ill and confined to her bed at home, her condition causing much anxiety at Headquarters and wherever the circumstances were known. At the present writing she is improving nicely, and it is believed she will soon be at her office again.

THE MINNESOTA FIRE.—The terrible fire which devastated a portion of Minnesota and Wisconsin have not probably had its parallel in this country for loss of human life for more than twenty years. At this writing it is not known whether or not any of our comrades suffered.

Major Stillwell, of the Minnesota Division, very promptly tendered to the Relief Committee every possible aid the Army could render; offering, among other things, the Salvationists to go to the scenes of horror and act as nurses, etc. To what extent this offer has been accepted is not yet known; but viewed from all lights, past and present, it is hoped that the Army will be more than ever appreciated in Minnesota and the people made to think more than ever of their never-dying souls!



ST. CATHARINES HARVEST FESTIVAL.

An interesting report of a Social Reform meeting, led by Mrs. Major Ross in a Methodist Church in Vancouver, has come to our table. Unfortunately it is written on both sides of the paper, and we are too short-handed just now to copy it out.

A number of our friends in a certain Canadian city keep a diary of all Salvation Army affairs. They style themselves the "Crown of Thorns," and when one of their meetings was given as an audience-meeting, they were asked to give up their name.

make cigar. God bless their secretary! He will make a first-class WAR CRY reporter.

Wax at Montreal Mrs. Booth received a most kind invitation to address the Y. W. C. A. members and ladies of the committee at their morning prayer meeting. The president of the committee writing and saying that many would be helped and encouraged thereby, adding that "it would be to herself a kindness which she would highly appreciate." Unfortunately Mrs. Booth was ill at the time and when she had

TUNE—*Thou art a mighty Saviour.* (B.J. 75 ; S.M.L. 51.)

1 Sinner, wandering far from God,
Trampling on His precious blood,
Come and seek the narrow way,
Start for heaven while you may.

CHORUS.

Then art a mighty Saviour.

Soon your chances will have past,
Then you'll meet your God at last,
Answer for the work you've done,
And the bairns you have won.

If your sins you'll get forgiven
You can come with us to heaven,
Meet with loved ones gone before
Over on the other shore.

KATHIE ALLEN, Kingston.

TUNE—*I'm happy.* (B.J. 47.)

2 There never was a time in all my life,
But what I'd like to end all sin and strife;
And when I tried in weakness of my own,
The devil came in like a flood and upset the whole.

CHORUS.

Now I'm happy, now I'm happy,
I've joined the great S. A. ;
And there I mean to work and fight,
And peg away.

There never was a love like Jesus' love,
It fills all earth and fills all heaven above ;
So when I came determined to be his,
He rolled the burden from my heart and gave me peace.

There never was a sinner down so deep
But what the Lord is willing for to meet ;
If you will come and lay your burden down,
I'm sure the Lord will take you in without a friend.

SECOND CHORUS.

You'll be happy, you'll be happy,
Then join the great S. A. ;
And God will give you work to do
To peg away.

LAWRENCE G. THOMPSON,
Bird Island Cove, Nfld.

TUNE—*Shout aloud salvation.*

3 Full fifty years have passed away
Since General Booth began
To tell Salvation's wondrous tale
To poor, lost, fallen man.
On Mile End Waste in London
Alone we see his stand,
Our noble, honored leader.

CHORUS.

Long live, long live our noble General,
Long live, long live to tell sweet Calvary's tale ;
Oh, may you many years be spared
To free the captive's chain,
Our worthy, honored General.

CAPTAIN PASTOR, Summerfield.

TUNE—*We shall win.* (B.J. 28.)

4 I once heard of a beautiful land,
With a mansion all ready for me ;
But at first I could not understand,
And the way to that home could not see.

CHORUS.

But I sought and I found,
In my Saviour the true living way ;
And with joy it abounds,
I am walking in it day by day.

I thought if I ventured to go,
All my happiness here would be over,
I'd have nothing but sorrow and woe,
Be I'd land on that bright golden shore.

Though I knew that the pleasures I sought
On the road that I travelled so well,
Was the price with which my poor soul was bought,
And some day would land me in hell.

Oh, the misery that thought to me did bring,
While God's Spirit strove with me night and day ;
For I knew that where death did his sting,
The grave still got its victory.

But, thank God, I ever sought and I found,
I've a heaven right here all the way ;
Only there does true pleasure abound,
In true service to God every day.

SECOND CHORUS.

Sinner, seek and you'll find,
In this Saviour the true oak only way ;
Leave sin and the devil behind,
Christ will yes with joy every day.

D. R. B., Calgary.

TUNE—*Down in the garden.* (B.J. 67 ; S.M.L. 421.)

5 Dear Jesus, I will follow Thee,
My life Thine shall control ;
My all is on the altar laid,
My heart is pure and whole.

CHORUS.

Lord, I will follow
When I feel that I am drear ;
Follow Thine

Oh, can I ever, Lord, forget
Thy grief and agony
Down on the cold, damp ground one night
In dark Gethsemane.

Dear Jesus, I will walk with Thee,
Thou art my only guide ;
Thy everlasting arms are strong,
I'm safe when by Thy side.

Help me, dear Lord, to work for Thee,
Unwary though I be ;
Though weak may torn my frail, weak heart,
Thou art enough for me.

LAURENTIA EMMA WAY, Ottawa.

TUNE—*Happy day.* (B.J. 38.)

6 What can take away this weariness of life
Nothing but the precious blood ;
What can give me peace and victory within
Nothing but the precious blood.
This alone must be my peace—Jesus Christ
did for me.

There's no other source to which my soul can
Go, but to the Saviour's precious blood.

CHORUS.

Precious blood, precious blood,
Bringing sinners back to God ;
Precious blood, precious blood,
Washing all my guilt and sin away.

What can help me back to fellowship with
God ?

Nothing but the precious blood ;
What makes my life acceptable and godly ;
Nothing but the precious blood.

Nothing, Lord, have I to bring, sin has
blighted everything ;

This is all my hope as to the Cross I cling.

Nothing but the Saviour's precious blood.

This shall be my theme as through the well

I go.

Nothing but the precious blood ;
This my life's ambition shall to high and low,
Only of the precious blood.
Nothing else will avail, every other soul
will fail ;

Hall can be defiled, man with God prevail.

Only through the Saviour's precious blood.

MAE BATES.

TUNE—*Happy day.* (B.J. 6 ; S.M.L. 20.)

7 Thy call, oh God, just now I hear
That calls me to be Thine alone ;

I rise to go without a fear,
Since in my soul Thy light lies there.

CHORUS.

I will go, I will go,
Thy grace will keep me, Lord, I know ;
I care not what I lose for Thee
If only Thou my gain shall be.

I care not, Lord, where Thou shalt lead,
Or in what land my day I spend,
If only I may find some need,
And lead the lost to Thee, their friend.

The gold I might by toil obtain,
The lands and houses I might gain,
With lawful gains my soul might stain,
And wreck my life on rocks of sin.

Too late some day 'twill be to go,
When moulderling in the grave I lie ;
Oh, may I not the sorrow know,
Thus with a wasted life to die.

W. RITCHIE, Kingston, Ont.

TUNE—*If the Cross we boldly bear.* (B.J. 26 ; S.M.L. 50.)

8 Oh, my dear friend and fellow-soul,
Why don't you stop and list
To the wondrous, wonderful call of Christ,
Which comes to you and says.

CHORUS.

Sinner, why do you tread
On the truth and gift of God ?
Look out, or you will see
And reach the hell prepared by God.

You hear the word often preached,
And extenuate even now,
To quit your awful, ugly sin,
And come to Christ, your God.

Still you say, "There is lots of time,
And this it's not so great ;
And you folks say it is,
You only exaggerate."

My friend, do not His call disbelieve,
For many like you have been lost
In that horrible place below,
Prepared by God, the Just.

BROTHER A. WHITE, Yekesville.

TUNE—*Immanuel.* (B.J. 12.)

9 From my heart the Lord has taken
Every doubt and every fear,
All my sins have been forgiven,
And my sky is bright and clear.

CHORUS.

I love Jesus, helpless, etc.
Perfect peace within is flowing
Like a river, deep and wide
Day by day in grace I'm growing
Living as my Saviour's child.

Joy overflowing full of glory
With sin and flesh no longer, etc.
Upwards we to tell the tale,
Of the blood that set us free.

ANNA.

Newfoundland Greets the General with her Sweetest Smiles.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

Topics this week are passed on the one or two for King, and under a sense of happy inspiration.

The General. At the thought of going forth to meet the General. Soon it will be my glad privilege to see his face, hear his voice, take his commands, and re-assure him of the love and service rendered him for Christ's sake, by his brave Canadian troops. My soldiers will pardon the pride I feel in going to meet my leader as commander of a wing of the Army which has carried the day against overwhelming odds. This isn't the first time, by many a dozen, it has fallen to my lot as the representative of large numbers of officers and soldiers to greet our veterans. But, by comparison, these were the occasions of the parades grounds; this is the occasion of the battlefield. I go to tell him he has soldiers in Canada whose metal has been tried by fire, and upon whose heads have been placed the laurels of victory.

"The General is coming." Along the line like magic the cry has rung from corps to corps, and heart to heart, and never, I believe, did the coming of a chief to the camp inspire more hope or excitement. What Napoleon will

be at Austerlitz, and Wellington to Waterloo, the General will be in a deeper and grander sense to us. He will be closer. That we need, and that without doubt we shall receive. To have a "Well done!" from our prophet will encourage us a little else could. The General, too, will be in inspiration. That capacity God has endowed him with for inspiring courage and fight into everyone will bear magnificent fruit on the hard soil of Canada. We shall, too, get instruction. Who, so well as our Moses can show us the way through our land and over our wilderness? Faith, too, must come with the General. Is he not himself a grand example of what faith can accomplish? Then again, the General will present us each with a new chance. Unlimited interest will be manifested in his movements, and immense crowds gather at his meetings. Here is an opportunity to make the claims of the Army understood, and to bring back the remembrance of all the Army has implied to the hearts of the many who have deserted the path of sacrifice for the pleasures and ease of Egypt. And so we shall linger with our General, and watch him with loving interest, and learn from him while we pray for his sustenance, and while we help him with our offerings.

The decisions of the Jane Congress are slowly but surely getting themselves materialized.

The Corps Budget. The Corps Budget Scheme is to be put into operation the last week of the present month at the chief places. The Brigadiers are

using the necessary instructions. The idea is simple. In future, the financing of corps is not to be left entirely to the officers who are otherwise burdened with almost as much as they can carry. The corps payments are quite as much the affair, if not more, of the officers' comprising it. To pay the rest of their necessities, meet their local expenditures, and support their Shepherd, is surely the work of every true people of God. This has only to be thought on to be realized. I am certain thousands of our good, true people will rise up to share the burdens that have too long only rested upon their officers.

We are going in more red-hot for corps this winter than ever in our history. We propose to begin

Scouts! at the right and. Scout-leaving is all a question of faith. Revivals must first begin in the hearts of God's people. That such a revival has taken

place in many thousands of hearts there can be no question. Everywhere there is a deeper interest in spiritual things. Many more issues, the work of soldiers wrestling and prevailing with God. Books are getting carved in places where there has been little but spiritual drought for a lengthy period, but still there is room to be accomplished. The General's coming will help us. We must make the most of it. The Commandant will return (D.V.) to Toronto about the 15th of October. On that Friday night he will be received into the city, and inaugurate the winter series of helms meetings, which will be conducted by himself or Mrs. Booth in the Jubilee Hall. During the months of October, November and December, he proposes to visit each district centre for a half-night of prayer with soldiers of the district. Every effort must be made to get soldiers together. High parties will be organized. No soldier need on any account miss the chance. The practical issues of the war will be thrashed out, and a covenant entered into on the spot. A mighty stirring-up may be expected.

Canada Welcomes Our Veteran Leader, and will Shew Her Appreciation of the Beneficent Services He has Rendered to Thousands of Her Subjects.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, SEPT. 15, 1884.

WAR CRY!

Hurrah! No stagnation, another

thousands of others, have induced the Commandant to decide on a very agreeable change in the WAR CRY—a change which is to come to full effect in our very next issue. We congratulate one and all. There seems little room to doubt that our present production is too cumbersome and unwieldy, and supplies far more matter than is read by the majority of readers

articles is injured by the quality of paper used, although the very best has been provided. True, an indiscriminating taste may value quantity and take not a second thought about the quality of the article procured, but we have not, generally speaking, that class of people in Canada. We rejoice to know that our highly-favored readers

pleasure, and never did one appear more worthily the inspiration and blessing that follows in the wake of a true helpmeet, than does my dear and faithful comrade the Major. Since the early days of his comradeship I have known and loved him, and we all pray that this step may prove the entering in to another holier and more useful career than that which has filled up the long interval of years during which he has held the flag straight above his head and sworn by its principles. As to his wife, it was a trying ordeal to make one's first appearance in a new country among strangers on the night of one's wedding, but, God bless her, she did it well and grandly, and won all hearts by her simplicity and earnestness. Long life and many bright days, Major. And now you are married, what new fountain of inspiration and sentiment may we not expect to open up from out the sparkling pages of our dear old WAR CRY.

Major Read has just recovered from a severe attack of sickness, brought on, doubtless, by overwork and strain. He has returned to Winnipeg, with his wife, after a most successful trip to the Coast. He speaks in glowing terms of all he has seen, and says there is going to be a simply tremendous time there on the occasion of the General's visit. The Coast is all alive, too, on the question of the Indian Schools. The Committee has been down among the books and figures, and debts and mortgages, and it has taken down the present to his knowledge, and has been fully witnessed. The war some

folks put their WAR CRY accounts and rents is the best means the devil has yet contrived to choke the grace out of the present Commissioner's soul. Nevertheless he survives! God be praised, there'll be no mortgages in heaven! Major Friedrich is on his way home. He sailed by the s.s. City of Paris last Wednesday, and will reach Toronto about the third of October. A warm welcome awaits him, together with many matters of momentous importance. Like a true soldier he carried out his business at home in a few days, and hastened back to the post so much needed him. The Rescue Work at Winnipeg has been removed to more commodious premises. This will give the work in that city a splendid impetus. In another week we will see the William Booth once more proudly sailing the wide waters of Lake Ontario. Have you done anything to help us roll her? YOU, my friend, just reading this. You are interested, I feel sure. Could you not send a mite to relieve our burden, and thus have a share in her pilgrimages of mercy? DO TRY!

What will the harvest be? That is the question just now all round as the result of the Harvest Festival comes passing into Headquarters. It is too soon to speak yet, but so far, so good. Our Dominion target was, remember, \$8,000. That was the amount we pledged ourselves to give at the June Conference. Shall we do it? I almost tremble for the answer. An increase of \$2,000 on the magnificent total of last year, is a great deal, to hope for, I admit. Up to date, however, the returns show that we are going straight for the goal. There have been some unpleasant drops which make me anxious, but on the other hand there have been magnificent, simply magnificent rises.

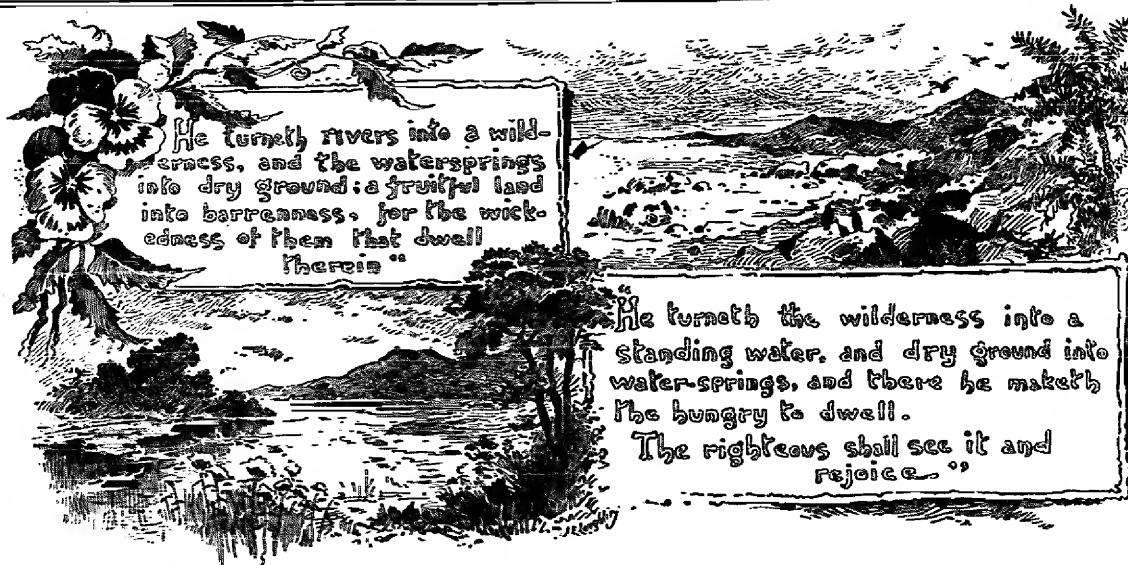
East Ontario has her records most complete. It would seem that Brigadier Scott has taken the whole Dominion by storm. I am afraid the other Brigadiers won't stand the ghost of a chance. I confess I am gloriously stunned. I put the steady but sure Brigadiers down for \$1,000 as his share of the \$8,000. That was a rise on last year of nearly \$400 for forty corps. The Brigadier and his go-ahead staff have put my little faith to shame, and have kept clean over the Province. They have scored up to date the stupendous total of \$1,000, or a rise of nearly \$700. More than double. I want to know the Province that can beat this. I have my eye on the North West, where they seem to be going once more to surpass themselves. There's Newfoundland. I have heard them. Major Morris, do you think you can have East Ontario behind? Here is a chance for you. But about the Harvest Festival figures later on.

A thousand helldrakes for the increased spirit of love and unity that now reigns among us. Behold How Good a Thing it is! I feel somehow as if we were just beginning again. Nothing could be better than the spirit that has pervaded the various meetings, both public and private, with officers and soldiers. I have conducted the past few days in Toronto. Behold how beautiful a thing it is to love and trust one another. Thank you a thousand times, my dear comrades, for all the loving salutes which you have made known your regard for your leaders for Christ's sake. I shall take with me to the General the memory of your pledges, and the sight of your shouts of loving good-bye on the platform of the Union Station at that early hour this morning. We shall win if we are true to God, and true to our General, and true to each other.

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in literature and elsewhere.

Our new CRY will be altered in size, printed on better paper, ornamented with a greater variety of type; the cuts will be brighter, and in fact, the dear old CRY will be throughout so sparkling and attractive that it will feel itself in its brightest and best, and delight everyone accordingly. We



THE NEW PROGRAM.

Not only shall we have an altered, revised, and improved WAR CRY generally, but we intend taking up more fully some of the splendidly original ideas promulgated by the Commandant some months ago, as also introducing some other new features. Amongst other things we expect to present our readers with the following course of reading regularly:-

1. A monthly review of the Army's advance throughout the world.
2. A weekly record of a completed Jubilee scheme.
3. How they die.
4. The World's Witness Box.
5. Corps' History.
6. Great Men on Great Matters.
7. Historical Events.
8. Canadian WAR CRY Contributors.
9. The Platform.
10. Our Auxiliaries, etc.

We ask again a renewal of that kindly sympathy which has been so generously extended to our paper by thousands of our comrades and friends hitherto, we ask that our comrades will consecrate themselves afresh to the CRY war, carrying the paper to every place, both good and evil, throughout the land, and above all, we ask from all the lovers of Christ a ministry of intercession on the WAR CRY's behalf, that every week it may go forth, not merely as cold type, but as an anointed messenger, capable in the hand of the Great King of convicting, converting and quickening on every hand. God grant that it may be so!

Salvationists and Friends, Attention! — We would like to inform you that we are able to provide you with the best, and only the best, of coal, hard and soft wood, and kindling, at reasonable prices, with satisfactory weight and measurement. Our yard, even now, is small for our increased business, and consequently we have no room for "cheap stuff." Prompt delivery is one of our specialities. By calling up 'phone 761 you may have your supplies delivered. Salvation Army Coal and Wood, 100 Wilton Avenue and Victoria

ADMISSION BY ONE WAR CRY.

Vancouver.—Our Harvest Festival meetings here have truly been a season of thankfulness. Our bazaars were tastefully decorated with grain and evergreens. The attendance at all the meetings was good, and much interest was shown. On the Saturday night we had the "Drunkard's Home Scene" as the chief part, after which lunch was served, to which a fair number responded.

On Monday night we had a singing battle, which went with considerable vim and glee. After the battle ice-cream was supplied, the demand for it being great. Our thanks are due to the friends who have aided us with contributions of money and goods. The general was sold on Saturday and Monday nights at fair prices.

Wednesday night will be WAR CRY night, no one to be admitted without a copy of the CRY. We expect to greatly increase its sale.

Prince Albert.—The past few weeks we have been busy with the Harvest Festival. Our soldiers took hold of it well, and our friends helped by sending in vegetables. We had a very nice assortment. One of our comrades built a small house and fenced it in, and brought it along to the barracks. It looked very nice, and sold for a nice little sum. We had good crowds out to our special meetings, and we succeeded in raising \$80. We have been encouraged, too, lately by seeing three souls coming to God, and they are doing all they can to get others out for salvation. Capt. JAMESON.

The ascent of the "War CRY"—handier shape, better effect of cuts. If we continue to develop this way, what shall we evolve into at last?



"GOOD-BYE, SUMMER!"

I.

The leaves are browning and thinning,
The swallows are southward skimming,
Good-bye, summer.

II.

The flowers are disappearing,
White-individ winter is nearing,
Good-bye, summer.

III.

What though the summer clooses?
Winter has Christmas roses!
Good-bye, summer.

IV.

Ah! Hope is a strong man, given
To pilot us to Heaven.

George LOGAN.

Books and Publications.

I.—BY THE GENERAL.

ORDERS AND REGULATIONS FOR FIELD OFFICERS. — A book which should be in the possession of each Field Officer. Bound in Red Cloth, \$1.25. Bound in Red Leather, \$2.00.

ORDERS AND REGULATIONS FOR DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS. — All Scribes should use this, and every D. O. should have one in his office. 60 cents.

IN DARKEST ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT. — Paper Cover, 50 cts. Cloth, \$1.00.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN. — Limp Cover, 65 cts. Cloth Boards, 75 cts.

SALVATION SOLDIERY. — Cloth Board, 50 cts.

THE GENERALS LETTERS. — Cloth Boards, 50 cts. Paper Cover, 35 cts.

THE DOCTRINES OF THE SALVATION ARMY. — Cloth Cover, Limp, 15 cts.

HOLY LIVING. — Or, What the Army teaches about Sanctification. — Price each, 100, 62.

BOOKS BY MRS. BOOTH.

POPULAR CHRISTIANITY. — Cloth Boards, 60 cts.

PRACTICAL RELIGION. — Paper Cover, 35 cts. Cloth Boards, 50 cts.

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY. — Cloth Boards, 60 cts.

GOODNESS. — Cloth Boards, 65 cts.

LIFE AND DEATH. — Paper Cover, 35 cents.

THE SALVATION ARMY IN RELATION TO THE CHURCH AND STATE. — 35 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS, BOOKS.

THE LIFE OF MRS. BOOTH. Two volumes. — \$4.00.

BENEATH TWO FLAGS. — Nicely Bound, \$1.25.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN. — By Commander Bellington Booth. Paper Cover, 25 cts. Cloth Cover, \$1.00.

NEW YORK INFERNAL. — By Commander and Mrs. Bellington Booth. Limp Cloth, 30 cts.

WANTED — ANTISEPTIC CHI-

TANS! — By Maud B. Booth. 25 cts.

HELP THE HELPERS.

If you want to assist (1) Ex-Prisoner; (2) The Rescue Homes; (3) Children's Shelter, and all Social operations of the Salvation Army, ring up Telephone 761, and drop a line to corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, for all kinds of work.

Matthew, Wood and Paul. City Works. Milledge, Wood and Paul. City Works. Milledge, Wood and Paul. City Works. Milledge, Wood and Paul. City Works.

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HOW THEY DIE!

BEYOND DEATH'S RIVER.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. And, perhaps, the love of our piti-
ful Heavenly Father, is nowhere more fully displayed, than in His gentle dealing with His nervous, timid children in the hour of death. For, be it remembered, that all Christians are not like the heroes

In striking contrast to the deaths of the timid Christians mentioned above, was that of Mrs. Mary Winslow herself. The aged saint, of eighty-six or more summers, "like a shock of corn casteth in his son," lay on her death-bed. She was the honored mother of a large family. Several of her sons had become devoted ministers

While we have been busy gathering in the fruits for our Harvest Festival, the Reeper, Death, has thrust his sickle into the ranks of the St. Catharines corps, taking away one of our most tried and true comrades, Sergeant Mrs. Bell.

She was one of the Army's first converts in this place, and for ten years has bravely stood by her post, in storm and sunshine. We are confident she is now reaping her reward in Glory.



of our Lord. And no wonder, for, oh, how faithfully and constantly had their mother laid both these, and afterwards her numerous grandchildren, at the feet of Christ in loving, earnest prayer. Many of these children gathered round her bed. The last moment was rapidly approaching. Lying perfectly quiet, gazing heavenward, she exclaimed with joyous, "I see Him, I see Him!"

"When do you see, dearest mamma?" inquired one of her minister-sons.

With the light of glory on her face, still looking upward, the dying Christian could only repeat more emphatically still,

"I see Him, I see Him!" and triumphantly she departed to be with Jesus, the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.

M. S., Special Correspondent.

such girl Covenanter, who, when partly drowned, was cruelly brought back to life again to give her an opportunity to meet. "No, no," she exclaimed, "I am Christ's child, let me go." They let her go, and the brave young martyr went home to her Lord.

Very different was the case of a timid, nervous Scotch woman, dying in one of our pest institutions some years ago. A poor, feeble, old creature, weakened in body—perhaps also in mind—by paralysis. Of a gentle, shrinking nature, she did not like the thought of death. Knowing her to be a faithful Christian, one of the nurses related to the poor sufferer lay meaning and pointing on her bed, "I wonder that you are suffering so much, should be said to die."

The old Scotch woman gravely replied, "There's no fun in it."

I should say not, indeed. It is a solemn thing to die. It is needless, however, to sit, that when the last hour arrived, she was carried safely over Jordan in the strong arms of her Saviour.

Mrs. Mary Winslow, in her letter, mentions a similar case. Owing to the sudden, feverish temperament of a place acquaintance, who was sick unto death, it was impossible to see—humanly speaking—how such a Christian could be carried safely through. Our loving, Heavenly Father took her gently home in her sleep, so that His tried child had no time to frighten himself, as so many do, about the mere act of dying.

Oh, dear Salvationists brothers and sisters, we shall have, even in death, victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. May God, the Holy Spirit, comfort us in that solemn hour, and enable us to give burning testimonies for Jesus.

Several times I have come nearly dying myself; once this last spring, and in terrible agony from spasms. All was nearly over, the head nurse was called from her bed just in time to apply the remedies, that, under God, saved my life. I can joyfully testify to the all-sufficiency of the grace of Jesus. Meaning in mortal agony, I could still remark to the attendants that it would be so nice to get home to heaven and see Christ. That again, that blessed thought of working for Him in the Army (I had only become a soldier a month or two previously), reconciled me to a life of pain, and I could thankfully leave the master to Christ. During the succeeding fortnight of danger, I could not choose either to live or die. I felt how delightful it

Grave, where is thy victory? O, Death, where is thy sting?

At the open grave-side we believe every comrade silently renewed their vows to be true to God, the flag, and each other, and meet our sister in the Morning.

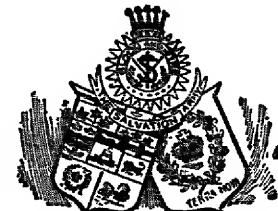
We held the memorial service on Sunday night. God came near, many hearts were touched, and we finished with three souls at the Cross. Lieutenant FRED. YOUNG.

Our beloved salvation comrades are leaving one by one. They have fought and won life's battles, and now here the glad "Well done." They have safely passed death's river, and now rest beyond the battle's roar. If we're true to God we'll meet them on that happy golden shore.

Our comrade oft has borne us to the throne, on prayer and faith's strong wings. And now with Christ, her Saviour, Around the Throne she sings. Although our hearts feel sad at parting, And on earth we shall see her never more, If we are true to God we shall meet her over on the other shore.

If we keep our garnisons spotless And fight the battle through, We shall meet with all our loved ones in the land beyond the blue. Soon those pearly gates will open, And we'll enter in with Christ to dwell, To be welcomed by the Saviour, And our comrade, Sister Bell.

F. Y., for St. Catharines Corps.



PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant Anatole Bethune, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Pierce Darrell, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Walter Rice, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.
Lieutenant Joseph Goding, of Newfoundland, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Ada Thomas, of Western Province, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Sarah Corlett, of Western Province, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Frank Bird, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Jessie Ayling, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Dora Mekle, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Clara Stale, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.

Lieutenant William Carter, of East Ontario Province, to be Captain.

Cadet J. Hirsch, of Newfoundland, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Wm. Hawkins, of Newfoundland, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Annie Hunt, of Western Province, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Maud Davidson, of Western Province, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

Captain Captain, to Tillicope, Newfoundland.

Captain Darrell, to Oshawa, Newfoundland.

Captain Rice, to Grand Bank, Newfoundland.

Captain Goding, to schooner Glad Tidings, Newfoundland.

Lieutenant Blaneck, to schooner Glad Tidings, Newfoundland.

Lieutenant Hirsch, to Tillicope, Newfoundland.

Lieutenant Hirsch, to Moncton, N.B.

Lieutenant Darrell, to New Westminster, B.C.

Captain Corlett, to Victoria, B.C.

Captain Ayling, to Galt, Ontario.

Captain Ayling, to Montreal, Quebec.

Captain Mekle, to Bedford, Quebec.

Captain Stale, to Prescott, Ontario.

Captain Carter, to Fonthill, Ontario.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

TUNE—I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love.
(B.J., 63.)

I have been in the darkness of sin,
Away from my Saviour and God,
My heart has been hard and unclean,
And burdened with many a load.

CHORUS.
Yes, oh yes, Jesus purchased redemption for
(Repeat.)



The Life Story of David Wilson.

DRUNK AT SEVEN—AN INTOXICATED ENGINE-DRIVER CAPTURED BY THE ARMY—SAVED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

The subject of this sketch was not what people would call a moral man, but rather, a man possessed with devil. He was born at Stellarton, N. S., in the year 1847. He does not remember much about his life before he was seven years old, when for the first time he got drunk.

There had been two apprentices at his master's, and she was having a young girl today. The master said if he would have a little drop, he said, "Yes." The consequence was that he got drunk, and thought that the road was coming up to meet him.

While at school he was, like most boys, full of fun and mischief. While at school he acquired the habit of tobacco chewing, and in later years he became a regular slave to it.

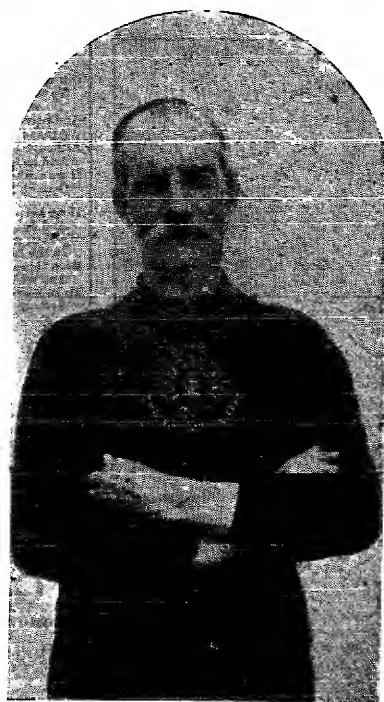
At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a tailor. While here he got mixed up with bad company, and steadily went on.

A Downward Career.

One night the poor tailor went out on a drunk; his wife came into the shop and got one of the apprentices to go after him, but he got drunk with his master; then she sent the second one, and he did likewise. David was then sent, and he also stayed with them, and the consequence was that they all came home drunk between two and three o'clock in the morning.

He kept on this way, and also commenced playing cards.

He often would go down his father's cellar and steal whiskey out of the barrels, and when he wanted it somewhere else he would steal the money out of the till. By this time his apprenticeship was finished, so he started business for himself, and did well, making lots of money, but still being



BROTHER DAVID WILSON, WESTVILLE.

Addicted to Drink

his business was not long in going to pieces.

He soon gave up altogether, and started to sell liquor. After selling it for a little while he got caught, and was convicted, and rather than pay the fine he went to jail for twenty days. While here the other rum-sellers often sent him liquor, so as to "keep him well-soaked." One day he got two old clowns and set them drunk. On another occasion he gave liquor to the jailor's wife and her wash-woman. This roused the jailor's temper, but he was also asked to come and have some as there was still a little left.

At last he got out, but he was just as bad as ever. He still kept on selling

Liquor on the Sly

until he was found out and was convicted, and would have again been fined, or imprisoned, but he left the place and went to Cape Breton for four or five months, where he drove a herring engine. He came home again, and gave up the whiskey selling as bad job. He was living at Van Cott's at this time, and he would often go to his work undrunk than sober, but when once he got a hand of the engine he said it would be all right.

While at work he could have his bottle of whiskey or brandy ready at hand, and when thirty would take a drink. One afternoon while at work four of them came, five—men of porter between them, and he was charged for being drunk while at work.

He went away to Springfield, N. S., where he came to Westville, where he worked at the mines for two years. All this time he had

Family Worship.

and used to read his Bible. He came home drunk one night, and started to have family worship; his wife tried to persuade him not to, asking him was he not frightened that the Lord would strike him dead swing to the state he was in. But he got down on his knees to pray, and fell asleep while he was praying, and did not wake till morning.

When his wife got up and saw him she was frightened, and thought he was dead.

But at last the Army opened fire in New Hampshire

pay-day and they thought that he would get drunk; but no, he went to the rum-shop, paid his rum-bill, and told them that would be his last.

This is now over eight years ago, and he is still a living witness for God, proving each day that He is able to keep from sin. Praise God, what He has done for Brother Wilson. He is able to do it for you, unswayed reader. Seek Him now while you have time and opportunity.

DRUNK AT THE FAMILY ALTAR.



Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT.

Our Harvest Festival meetings are once more a thing of the past, and have left in their train seasons of blessing, light, and inspiration, as well as being a good financial success.

The results, all told, are away ahead of last year, most of the corps going beyond last year's amounts. The most creditable increases on last year are as follows:—

Hamilton I., \$61.85; Hamilton II., \$2.18; Lindsay, \$17; Barrie, \$12.11; Riverside, \$9.08; Peterborough, \$7.10; Ligar St., \$7; Dundas, \$6.50; Dovencourt, \$4.17; Port Perry, \$3.71; Niagara Falls, \$3; Perry Sound, \$3; Richfield St., \$2.69; Midland, \$2.55; Huntsville, \$2.50; Stayner, \$1.91; making a total increase on the above corps over last year of \$176.35.

At the time of writing Uxbridge, Aurora, Sherburne, Tyrone, Orillia, St. Catharines, Oshawa, and Stouffville were yet to hear from, which no doubt will bring the increases up higher still. Taking into consideration the difficult task just at the present to raise cash, these rises speak very hopefully.

Our different barracks, too, were very tastefully decorated, the most tastefully decorated one in the city being Riverside, which reflects great credit on the corps. As far as I can judge, St. Catharines appears to have come out best for decorations outside of Toronto.

Lippincott Harvest Festival was rather novel being held on Wells' Hill under canvas.

We thank God for victories won, and press on to brighter days.

Our Provincial Demonstration in Toronto is also a thing of the past. As these meetings are already written up I shall just touch on them briefly.

Right throughout they were very deeply spiritual, a great spirit of oneness and loyalty to the flag prevailed; officers were united in their expressions of love for the General, Commandant and Mrs. Ross, and our leaders throughout the Dominion, and have great faith for high tides during the General's campaign in this country.

The Brigadier went very minutely into the figures of every district and corps and found out just our strength and where we were weak.

Officers saw their work as it is, and one and all resolved to buckle on and the Army can depend on them.

As many officers were farewelling from corps the Brigadier set apart one night for a commissioning and appointing officers to their new commands.

The following have changed appointments:—

Capt. Steigars and Lieut. Barker, to Orillia; Capt. Richmond and Lieut. Legge, to Huntsville; Capt. and Mrs. McClelland, to Gravenhurst; Captain Lewis, to Midland; Capt. Barr, to Barrie; Capt. Wiseman, to Stroud;

Capt. Hardman, Capt. Smith, and Lieut. Ada Young. Let us pray God may strengthen them, and bring them back refreshed for the fight.

Mrs. Ensign Dowell and Mrs. Capt. Markie are also taking a short rest in try and regain strength for the war.

Mrs. Turner is at Riverside at present, managing the corps till the officer comes on. She reports a good day Sunday, and three souls.

Capt. Attwell is taking leave from us here at P. H. Q. S., and with his euphonium, is trying to bring sinners to God at the Falls for the time being in company with Captains Green, and Brothers Balo and Williamson.

Our little musical troupe have started out again on their mission, this time doing the Bowmanville district. May God's blessing attend their labours!

All around the Province we purpose going in straight for souls, and making this fall and winter a great season of revival.

We don't forget to pray for our General and the Commandant in the East, and are anxiously looking forward to their visit to this part of the world with faith for a mighty conquest. It shall be

ENSIGN TURNER, A.D.C.

HUR

FOR THE

Light Brigade

My, there, Captain, your
to share in the fun
of this Regiment

HOW TO DO

Send in the name of
or woman—soldier, friend
—with his or her con-
who has some leisure,
gnes and "go," and
and their services gratis,
and the sake of the "p
who are crying for help,
capacity of local agent to
box.

WHEN TO DO

Now is the time. The
head, and as it draws n
tents point to greater
made upon our Social In
"Light Brigade" has w
the "snows of war."
Canada's sympathy and
is carried by united eff
themselves. It is only a
proving and developing
offered us through this
prize.

New Stockholders

Forward Local Ag
Lead on Prov

WE WOULDN'T JOIN

BRIGADE

WILL YOU DO

That is the question.
god as it is—is not su
most is not tangible end
are wanted for the
gods." Will you take
it or, if you have one
using it regularly?

DON'T FIRE CHARGE

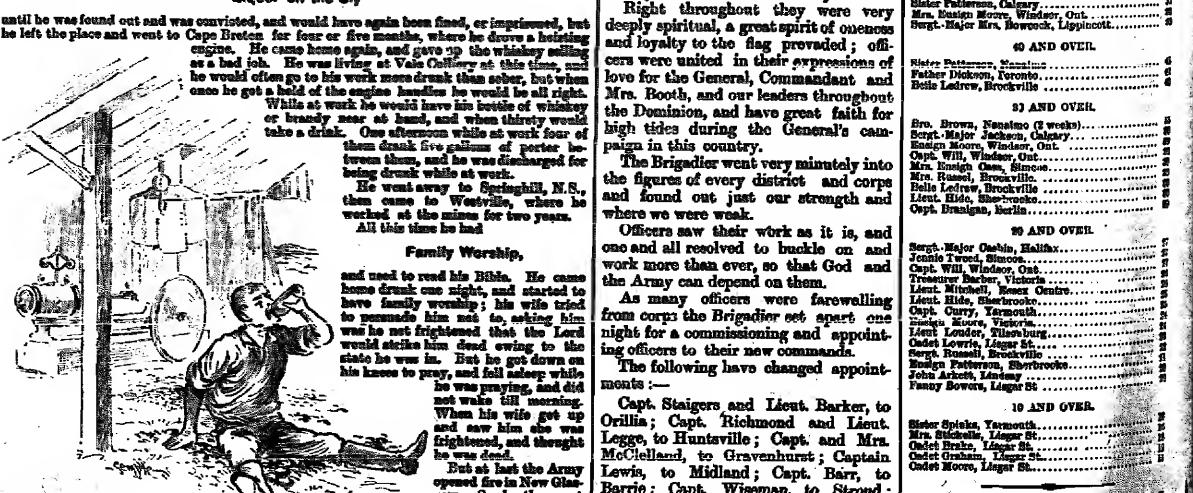
they don't kill. If en
the "Light Brigade" (c
would make it a point to
a shot, if only to the ex
five cents every quarter
week), the legions of
quake and flee before th
this regiment.

A CHANCE OF

Instead of collecting the
and forwarding the sam
as hitherto, the Provincial
the first of October). The
amounts on his visit to
local agent will receive
days' notice of the P.A.
have all the boxes ex
amount ready for the
arrives.

LOCAL AGENTS

On receiving intimati
your Provincial Agent
will materially assist us
achieve the success it is
made by having all the
and rendered, and the a
hand to the P. A. P
dash in the secret of



HURRAH FOR THE Light Brigade!!!

Up there, Captain, your Corps is Asked
to Share in the Immortal Honors
of this Regiment.

HOW TO DO IT!

Send in the name of a reliable man or woman—soldier, friend, or Auxiliary—with his or her consent, of course, who has some leisure, and plenty of time and "go," and who will give his services gratis, for Jesus' sake, and the sake of the "poor Lazaruses" who are crying for help, to act in the capacity of local agent for the G.B.M. here.

WHEN TO DO IT!

Now is the time. The winter is at hand, and as it draws nearer, the ports point to greater demands being made upon our Social Institutions. The "Light Brigade" has within its reach the "sinews of war." The citadel of Canada's sympathy and generosity can be carried by united effort and holy enthusiasm. It is only a question of improving and developing the resources offered us through this glorious enterprise.

Providence we purpose for souls, and making after a great season of

get to pray for our General-in-Chief in the East, only looking forward to is part of the world with its conquest. It shall be

TURNER, A.D.C.

AND OVER

</div

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN SHARP.

Who has not heard of the Thousand Islands, that are studded in the beautiful River St. Lawrence between Kingston and Brockville, where thousands of people spend their summer holidays?

This is one of the loveliest sights that you can find on the American continent.

GANANOQUE, situated in the centre of them, on the Canadian side, right on the bank of the river, is to have a visit from our beloved General on Friday, October 12th. He will steam up through the islands by the *General Booth*, and land at Rathbun's dock.

Immediately after landing there will be an address of welcome read by

The Mayor,

and reception from the citizens of Gananoque on the Market Square, finishing up with a public meeting at night in the Presbyterian Church.

KINGSTON, the ancient Limestone City of Canada, built on the rock, and standing as solid as the rock, at the mouth of the Rideau and St. Lawrence, connecting with Lake Ontario, with its towers, fort, and military barracks, jail and penitentiary, hospitals and asylum, churches and mission halls, with accommodation for every soul that wants to hear the Gospel, is the next honored place to have a visit from our great leader.

Landing at Folger's wharf at three p.m., there will be a public reception and address of welcome read by Mayor Herald on the Market Square, who will be proud of the honor to welcome one of the greatest men of

The Nineteenth Century

to the city of Kingston.

After the reception is over there will be a large procession through the principal streets. This will be one of the largest, the most attractive and exciting processions that have ever marched the streets of Kingston.

Will you be there to see it?

It will finish up with a great welcome banquet in the Salvation Army barracks.

Saturday night at eight p.m. we meet in the Sydenham Street Methodist Church school-room, kindly loaned to us for the purpose of holding a soldiers' and friends' meeting.

Sunday the knee-drill and holiness meeting will be held in the barracks; the afternoon and night meetings will be held in

The Skating Rink

in Union Street.

Monday, after having held a select meeting with the minister, students and friends in the Convocation Hall, the General will leave by boat, steaming up the bay to Picton, where preparations have been made to give the General a great welcome to the town. The Mayor promised to get up an address of welcome. The Market Square is the place where the public are invited to come and meet the General. A public meeting will be held in the First Methodist Church at night.

Tuesday we get up steam for BELLEVILLE.

What do you pass by Deseronto, and it on the way, simply because it is a small corps?

Not so, we do not pass this corps by, but have arranged to hold a noon-day meeting in the Methodist Church which has been kindly given to us for the occasion.

BELLEVILLE we shall reach at five p.m. Arrangements are being made so that thousands will both see and hear the General. Public meeting will be held in the First Methodist Church.

Wednesday we board the train for Peterboro, and we have arranged to hold a noon-day meeting in the Opera House. So you see that the General is giving the lion's share of his meetings to some of the hardest corps that are to be found in the East Ontario Province. What a noble example!

Our Brave Leader is setting before us! May the good Lord give us grace to walk in his footsteps.

At night he passes on to LINDSAY, a corps that is not in the East Ontario Province.

From Lindsay he comes to Peterboro, arriving there at 11:30 a.m. This is the last place that the General will visit in the East Ontario Province, and I really believe that it shall be the best, for do we not read in the Bible that the best wine was kept till the last? I am sure the Peterboro' braves will leave no stone unturned to make the meetings a glorious success—the largest for crowds, the best for money, the grandest for welcome, and the greatest for saving.

From Peterboro' we will proceed to

the next place that the General will visit in the East Ontario Province.

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